The Pride Parade in Baltimore

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The Pride Parade in Baltimore

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will accompanies Team Sassy Science as well as Alana and Margot to the Pride Parade in Baltimore - only to "accidentally“ run into Dr. Lecter. He discovers that both have been set up by Alana and Margot and his colleagues from the lab. Dr. Lecter doesn’t really mind that. And in the end doesn’t Will mind either.
They also find out that both of them broke more than one ethical code..

Notes

Happy (Belated) Pride Month!

But honestly happy pride all year!

Chapter 1

Will shoved the stack of papers, handed in by his agents in training, and his silver MacBook into his brown leather bag. He fastened the leather straps to close it, then grabbed his light, grey jacket and rose from the chair. Standing at the threshold, he flicked off the light and locked the door behind him. On the way out, he whistled to a catchy tune of a song by Fleetwood Mac which was a rare thing these days. He was quite content that this day had gone without any disruptions; that Jack Crawford didn't drag him to a crime scene, and he didn't have to analyze another horrible murder tableau of the Chesapeake Ripper or another deranged serial killer.

The only thing he missed right now was his weekly appointment with Dr. Lecter as the latter was absent due to a conference and not available this week, but he gave his best to ignore the yearning welling up inside him at the image of the oddly attractive psychiatrist stealing itself into his mind. He saw the glinting maroon eyes filled with worry and gentleness fixed at him while he talked about his nightmares. Will heard the smooth, hypnotizing voice dripping like honey from the thin lips to soothe him; he felt the gentle touches on his shoulder when he was lost in thoughts or thinking about Abigail again. And he remembered the pleasant smell of sandalwood and vanilla clinging to Dr. Lecter.

Will shook his head as he strolled through the long narrow corridor with the grey concrete walls and let out a tsk. He wasn't even *supposed* to feel that way. Hannibal Lecter was his therapist. It was normal for a psychiatrist to express worry and concern for a patient in treatment. It didn't mean the therapist was actually harboring romantic feelings for him. That was ridiculous. Why did he have these feelings for him? He always assumed he was straight to the bone He gritted his teeth, clenched his fist to shake his intuition off. But his heart ached when he imagined Hannibal having affair with someone else while being away or being married without his knowledge.

Dr. Lecter is your therapist. He doesn't owe you anything. Stop that nonsense right now, Graham. You are imagining things and projecting your feelings and desires onto him.

Will was about to leave the main building. He pushed the door open after holding his key card to the electronic device at the wall, only to yelp and wince. His bag slid out of his hands and dropped to the ground when he bumped into Alana and her girlfriend Margot, who came around the corner all of a sudden.

"Christ, Alana", Will grumbled, frowning a little at her and exhaling sharply. "That was quite an ambush." He picked his bag up again from the ground.

He straightened his upper body and shifted his bewildered gaze then to Margot.

"And hi Margot, what are *you* doing here?" He asked.

"I came by to remind Alana not to spend too many hours at the office and overwork", she joked.

Alana pursed her lips and boxed her girlfriend with her elbow in annoyance. Will snorted in amusement at her sardonic remark.

"Did we just scare the best behavioral analyst of the FBI?" Margot teased him, pulling her lips into a little smirk as she scrutinized him.

"Well, you both made quite the effort. What can I do for you both?" Will asked, looking from Alana to Margot in turns. A faint suspicion about what this could be welled up inside of him.

What could this possibly be about? Had Jack found out they killed Mason and that this was not a mere accident?

Both women exchanged nervous, almost embarrassed glances. It was a tense, awkward silence, in which only the faint noise of the cars rushing by on the highway nearby was audible.

"Is it about-?" Will began, whispering now as if Jack Crawford would turn up any minute now, too.

"No. It's not", Alana countered in a stern tone. "Calm down. Well, we just wanted to ask you whether you would like to accompany us to the pride march in Baltimore next week Saturday ", Alana asked him. "As an ally."

The three of them walked back to the parking space behind the massive, grey building of the Behavioural Analysis Unit. Surprised by the suggestion, Will needed some moments to gather himself together. At least it was not Jack finding out about Mason's "accident" that he was mainly responsible for.

"What?" He asked in disbelief, narrowing his eyes. "You should know better than that, Alana, as a psychiatrist with a particular professional curiosity in my empathy disorder."

He accelerated his pace, intending to get home before they could talk him into something stupid or give them the impression he was actually into it as he *did* feel lonely without an appointment with his therapist. The withdrawal felt like a self-imposed burden sometimes if he was frank with himself.

Alana rolled her eyes, but she ignored Will's snappish comment and followed him with swift steps.

"I know that better than anyone", Alana told him, walking faster, too to catch up with him. "You're right."

"But it would mean a lot to us if you'd come as an ally," Margot continued. "Especially because of the rampaging homophobia and political climate."

"And you can retreat any time", Alana assured him. "Grab a beer with Beverly, Jimmy, and Brian in a bar if you like when you have enough."

Having reached the parking space, they halted now in front of Will's grey Volvo. Will considered it. He should socialize once again because he hadn't done that in a long while. Even Hannibal had strongly suggested it despite his need for constant isolation. He stared to the ground, biting on his lips while pondering. After some awkward moments in which he left them waiting, he then lifted his head to give them an answer. That offer sounded fair, but he would instead sneak out and go to Dr. Lecter's home.

"Alright," he said, relenting to the subtle expectations placed on him."If Jack doesn't drag me to another crime scene again, count me in."

A nervous smile flickered over his face as he imagined how everyone would run around with flags draped over their shoulders, and he would look in particular like a complete outsider and weirdo.

"Do I have to wear anything in particular like a rainbow flag or something?" Will asked. "I'm not well-equipped in that regard."

"We got that covered", Margot told him with a wink. "We have flags and everything you need. But it isn't a requirement." She placed a hand on his shoulder and smiled. "Just be yourself, okay?"

"Okay. Guess I have no other choice than to go", he joked with a crooked smile. He opened the door and slumped on the driver's seat, then fastened the seat belt and lowered the window to be able to talk to them again.

“Just send me the details when and where we will meet, okay?” Will called out of the window to the left, when the couple slowly backed away from his car.

Margot nodded and withdraw from the car as Will started “We will text you.”

Alana gave him a surprised look but smiled.

“See you next week Saturday”, she called and waved back at him before turning her back on him.

Will drove back to Wolf Trap, scolding himself for saying yes when it was not good for him at all and wondered if he was going to regret it.

Later that night, after he had finished his chores and looked after his dogs, his thoughts strayed back to his non-official psychiatrist. He poured himself three fingers of whiskey and crouched on his bed, trying to find some sleep. His thoughts wandered back to Hannibal, and he replayed the conversations and the short breach of distance in the office again when he leaned against the ladder. Will closed his eyes and slipped his hands beneath the waistband of his boxer shorts, wrapped his hands around his cock and began to slide his hands up and down until pleasure built up inside him and an ecstatic feeling of weightlessness seized him.

“Hannibal”, he moaned.A few more slides of his hands and he spilled his seeds onto the sheets. His body jerked heavily as the warm wave of bliss rushed through his entire body.

Feeling weightless and happy due to the hormones, Will fell asleep with a smile on his face and for the first time in the last weeks, he slept through the night. Oddly enough, no Garret Jacob Hobbs being shot over and over again and hissing “See?” or Mason Verger being eaten alive by his pigs and screaming while they feasted on his flesh and tearing him apart in the pit or Jack Crawford finding out about his murder and arresting him, haunted him this night.

Instead, he dreamed of Dr. Lecter making love to him.

Early in the morning, he woke up with a hard erection again. Will remained in the warm, comfy bed, ignoring the bark and whines of the dogs for some moments. Instead, he stared at the ceiling. Will kept on thinking about the meaning of his fantasies about Dr. Lecter, his dream, the erection, and the increased heartbeat. He couldn’t wait for the next session with Dr. Lecter, to be honest. Will also wondered if he wasn't heterosexual after all and he should embrace it. Truth is, he knew there was a chance sexuality was fluid to a certain degree.

A call of Jack Crawford put an end to his overthinking and musing. With a sigh, he got up and prepared himself for another tedious murder case. He was actually glad not to have to deal with his conflicted feelings right now.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will drove through the suburbs of Baltimore, the joyful cheering and loud dance-pop music greeted him from afar. Colorful rainbow flags and banners embellished the windows of the black high-rise buildings or the small houses with shops in between. People stood at the railing or sat outside on the chairs of their tiny balconies, waving their flags and cheering to the people below.

Beads of sweat formed on Will's face despite the air conditioning running in his car at full maximum. The sweltering heat of the summer sun got to him and made him even more tired than usual.

Also, the last week had been pretty rough. Jack had dragged him to a crime scene in the woods of Elk Neck State Park and then to Georgia and South Carolina. A pharmacist had given customers the wrong insulin medication and induced a comatose state. Luckily, Will had been able to discover the killer quite quickly and prevent him from abducting another woman in South Carolina, but he would prefer to rest and not mingle with partying crowds. And he needed Hannibal if he was honest with himself. The nightmares had come back and he had hallucinated about Hobbs and Mason Verger again at the crime scene, lying in the graves. Will wouldn't talk to him about the latter, his deliberate kill, but about Hobbs, he would. But a promise was a promise. Maybe he could slip off after an hour.

Will followed the traffic signs indicating alternative routes with annoyance as many were blocked due to the route. Occasionally he wiped away the sweat from his face and popped two aspirin while waiting for the traffic light to turn green. Alana and Margot had recommended parking his car in the southwest suburb of the city where it would be calmer. Sighing, he turned around when a policeman outside indicated to him he should take another road. He then drove back, continuing his confusing journey through suburbs, dead ends he wasn't familiar with.

His mood deteriorated and more than once he cursed under his breath. Finally, after a little while, he pulled up in the street in a quieter residential area where they were supposed to meet. He already noticed Alana, Margot waiting in front of their car when he turned into the street. There were also other people Will identified as Brian, Jimmy, and Beverly when he got closer. Having reached his parking position at the right side of the road and turned off the engine, they all walked up to him with wide, joyful grins on their faces.

"I'm glad you came", Alana greeted him with a beaming smile and hugged him shortly. She had rainbow paint plastered on her cheeks, and she wore an oversized flag with blue, pink, and purple stripes - the flag of bisexuals. Margot had equipped herself with a large flag showing different shades of red, white, purple, and white. Beneath the flag she wore a tight black t-shirt with a rainbow-colored heart and the thick white capital letters „PRIDE" printed on top of the heart It was tucked into a flowing black midi skirt.

Margot hugged him, too. “Are you alright?” She asked and scrutinized him with her green eyes attentively, noticing that Will wasn’t at his best.

“It’s nothing”, Will murmured with a forced smile. He didn’t want to spoil their joy with his grumpiness and lack of energy. She raised her right eyebrow and pursed her dark red lips but didn’t comment any further and made space for the others.

Beverly, Jimmy, and Brian strolled closer to greet him when Margot pulled away. Beverly wore a white t-shirt with red lips with a tongue sticking out and knee-long jeans. Just like him, she had draped an oversized flag around her body. In contrast to his, the flag had black white bars as background beneath the letter „A“ filled with rainbow colors. Matching sweatbands graced both her wrists.

Brian, on the other hand, was dressed in blue short summer pants and a black t-shirt saying “GAY AND PROUD”. Thus and the same rainbow-colored bracelets were the only thing to signal his support or participation as he liked to keep his appearance rather unspectacular. A rainbow flag paint, the same that Margot had put on her face, graced his right cheek - this was probably Beverly’s or Jimmy’s doing.

Jimmy was the brightest and most oscillating paradise bird of them all. He wore a flamboyant dress shirt held in all the rainbow colors, wristlets, and on top a bright pink party hat saying “I LOVE MY BOYFRIEND”. Of course, he had make-up all over his face as well. He also seemed to feel the most comfortable and grinned from ear-to-ear and was quite giddy with excitement.

“Hey, Will, that’s really a surprise”, Beverly said, beamed at him and also pulled him into a short hug. “I really didn’t think you would make it after the case.

“Me either”, Will replied with a faint smile. “Here I am, though.”

“Hey buddy”, Jimmy beamed at him.

“Hey.” Brian gave him his hand and smiled politely.

“Here’s your flag, Will ”, Margot reminded him. fetched a flag out of a bag and handed him the oversize rainbow flag which Will then clumsily fastened around his body.

Margot helped him to adjust the position of the flag and tucked the ends of the flag to his collar of his shirt with a needle so that it wouldn’t get loose in case a bulk of people would pass by.

“Want some makeup, too?”

“Nah”, Will said, making a dismissive gesture. “I think the flag is..enough. I am just an ally, after all.”

“Fine”, Margot answered. She stepped back with a shrug and reached for the hand of her girlfriend and kissed every knuckle before giving her a long, languid passionate kiss.

“Come on, let’s go”, Jimmy called, being impatient, clapping his hands together airily. “Or we’ll miss the parade.”

He and Brian went ahead, holding hands together, followed by Alana and Margot, then by Will and Beverly who were the last ones.

“You don’t have a girlfriend or boyfriend?” Will asked her, noticing she was alone and didn’t bring a companion.

“No boyfriend”, Beverly smiled and pointed to the flag.”I’m straight. This is the straight ally flag. With the job, it’s rather hard to balance that out. And I didn’t feel like dating at all and honestly, I’m okay with that.”

Will acknowledged this but didn’t reveal with what he was struggling with since he met Hannibal Lecter. “Oh, that’s totally relatable”, Will said instead. “I haven’t wrapped my head around dating, since I got called back into fieldwork by Jack.”

Beverly gave him a knowing sideways look. “Tricky stuff, right?”

“But we will find someone who accepts us for who we are ”, Beverly said after some moments with strong optimism in her voice.

Will scoffed and swallowed down a gulp of the water he had brought with him and tossed the bottle into the nearest bin then caught up again. “I’m not so sure about me, but thanks.”

“Hey, my hunch says you will be the first one”, she added with a wink. She waited until he had finished what he was doing.

“Why is that?” Will asked, slightly elevating one eyebrow in a quirky way.

Beverly winked again and grinned in a strangely mischievous way.

“You will see.”

She sped up her pace, too, nearly running now as the others got out of distance.

“Come on, we need to hurry!”

Will groaned and moved his heavy legs, to not lose the group and be lost in the crowd. They hurried through the streets to a bus stop. Alana, Margot kept the yellow bus waiting. The driver was a little annoyed but he waited until Bev and Will appeared in front of the door. The bus headed into the city where the parade took place.

In the bus bursting with people, Will tried to go inside his mind again to shut out the people standing too close to him and all the loud chattering and the smell of sour sweat. He wondered, if Dr. Lecter had returned from his trip already and if he was interested in the event in the city. He couldn’t imagine the psychiatrist taking part in such a noisy parade either for some reason. It wouldn’t fit.

The bus came to a halt at a bus stop in a side street, not far from the main road where the main gay pride parade took place. If you got out the bus and looked straight ahead, you could already see the people marching by in the near distance.

All of them walked towards the main road and to the people line up at the side of the street. Beverly and Will were the last ones a second time.

When they arrived at the main road and turned around the corner, Will got instantly overwhelmed by the noise of the crowd cheering on the people standing on the flamboyant double-deck vehicles the loud bass of the electro-pop music and the bright colors of the flags. His head throbbed badly despite the aspirin and he wished he had bought earplugs for protection.

Beverly, who had no problems with the crowd or the noise, assessed her surroundings and noticed Alana, Margot, talking to a tall man with peppered, ruffled hair and prominent cheekbones and striking maroon eyes. She recognized him immediately and smiled a triumphant smirk. The group was standing some twenty meters away maybe, in front of a building with a red brick wall and three white stairs.

Will stood next to her as if someone had stopped time. People paid them no mind and past them by, occasionally jostling into them. But they were too happy to mind and Will too distracted.

His jaw dropped as he realized that Alana and Margot were chatting avidly with Dr. Lecter. He hadn't recognized him for a moment as he looked different with his hair ruffled and strands falling over his face and wearing a black leather jacket and black leather pants despite the weather.

In the meantime, Brian made a little scene as Jimmy wanted him to kiss all the time, pressing him against the brick wall behind him and shoved him away. "Okay, that's enough. Stop it, please, Jimmy, before I get a *boner*."

Jimmy cackled in amusement.

"Come on, Brian, when can we kiss in public with no one making a fuss?" Jimmy said. "In the lab surely not. The stonewall riots made it possible for us to make out in public!"

"There are still things that belong into the bedroom", Brian grumbled, inhaling sharply to disguise his growing erection.

Beverly boxed Will, who didn't move forward for some moments, into his shoulder, making him scowl at her as she tore him out of his trance.

"Earth to Will. Let's head over to Dr. Lecter and the others", Bev said with a wide grin, pointing towards the man talking to Alana and Margot.

Will, who was still standing next to her as if he had been petrified, could not believe how blind he had been to the grand scheme and that he hadn't considered Dr. Lecter would be

interested in this event in the city he lived, too. He also never considered the fact that he wasn't born in a dapper suit.

At the sight of Dr. Lecter in leather, Will's cock reacted and the front of Will's jeans grew tight. *Fuck*.

Now he had to confront his feelings. At this point, Will would rather murder Mason Verger once again or profile another crime scene.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 3 needs some rewriting but will follow in the next few days.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

There will be a fourth chapter! I decided to split the chapter. The first part has been down for a while but it is the second part that needs to get written. Before you wait for too long I give you the first one.

This chapter got inspired by this video of Toronto Pride Parade 2019. Not everything but some parts.

https://youtu.be/VFOk31yuvQE

(Baltimore in Hannibal = Toronto)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Realizing that luring him out to the pride parade had partially been a setup, Will bestowed Beverly with a grumpy sideways glance.“You all invited us here for a date ?” He asked and sounded more reproachful and annoyed than he intended. Nervousness spread through his body like an effective poison. It made him giddy and nauseous. Who wouldn’t be nervous if your secret crush, who brought our confusion in you and destroyed your sexual identity, was invited by your colleagues?

Beverly raised her arms in defense.“Look, it was mainly Jimmy and Brian’s idea if you want a scapegoat. Alana was initially against it, but she had agreed that you had chemistry.”

“I agree with her. I don’t know if that is such a good idea”, Will said, furrowing his eyebrows while blatantly staring at Dr. Lecter. “He’s my therapist, unofficial or not. He would get into so much trouble, and you know that.”

“Oh, come on,” Beverly answered with a grin.“That part can be arranged.”

“ I don’t even know if he’s into me at all or if he’s in a relationship already,” Will said, his voice trembling as his uneasiness grew.

Beverly’s eyes shot upwards for a second. She let out an annoyed sigh.

“We’ve seen how thick the tension is between the two of you and how close he always stands behind you at crime scenes. Plus, I never saw him with anyone. He must be single just like you.”

Beverly shot an amused glance at him as Will gave his everything to conceal the dent in his jeans, and she noticed that.

“See? I knew it,” she teased him. “Now, come on.”

Will sighed and pushed past cheerful groups of people and young couples fighting for space on the pavement until they reached the spot where Alana and Margot were conversing avidly and laughing. They fell silent when Will and Beverly popped up behind them. Everyone turned their heads towards him and stepped back. Will had only eyes for Dr. Lecter. The sight of how different Dr. Lecter looked today still stunned Will the most and his erection didn’t go away.

The leather accentuated his legs well, and his lovely behind also seemed to profit from the tight fabric. That was not all. Now that Will stood very close, he recognized that Dr. Lecter wore a black, semi-transparent fishnet top beneath his tight black leather jacket.

Will’s heart hammered against his rib cage, and he was not sure how much longer he was able to hold himself on his wobbly knees. God, why did he do this to him? Had Dr. Lecter been involved in this, too?

“Hello, Will,” he greeted him when Will was close enough. His lips curled up in an amused smile as he saw he was wrapped up in that rainbow flag. “What a surprise to see you here.”

“Hello, Doctor.“, he said, looking away, trying not to stare at the gorgeous outfit and bit on his lips, and he desperately tried to hide his boner.

“Well, I came here as an ally. I didn’t take you for someone interested in such events either. I thought you were someone who couldn’t possibly be bothered with the celebration of everyday people ”, Will remarked drily, quirking an eyebrow.

Dr. Lecter gave him a smug smirk. “I usually prefer smaller crowds, you are correct, but I find it important to support the community of which I am a part of.”

Will held his breath for some moments. That made Will happy for some reason. But it didn’t mean that Hannibal wasn’t in a relationship with someone else already, regardless of what Beverly had said.

“That’s great,” Will simply remarked, not knowing what to say next.

He shifted his gaze back to the street in embarrassment. Some moments of silence passed, in which they watched the parade. Someone sat in a vehicle that was covered with a long flowing rainbow flag and cheered. The clothed car depicted the hooped skirt of a voluminous, baroque dress. Only the upper body of the man was visible. It drew the attention of everyone as it rolled by.

“So how was your week? Dr. Lecter asked, raising his voice a little as the music and shouting grew louder in the background when a team of cheerleaders outfitted in tight, purple, glistening cheerleader uniforms performed a cheerleader dance and were welcomed by the enthusiastic crowd.

Will and Hannibal held their gazes on the cheerleaders for some moments and watched until they got lost from view, and another dazzling truck of the Baltimore Drag Queen and King

Community drove along. The drag queens and kings stood at the top and were all dressed in fantastic, extravagant outfits and colorful, long, or short wigs. They threw glitter and some small treats on the streets and waved at the people. Some teenagers slipped through the barrier and picked them up.

“Business as usual. I had to work on another sick case for, Jack…”, Will explained, speaking now louder, too. “That man made a mushroom garden with people suffering from diabetes. He induced a coma by giving them the wrong medication. ”

”I read about it last night when I came back,” Dr. Lecter remarked.

Will’s eyebrows shot up.. “On Tattlecrime.com?”

“Yes. I read parts of it as well as the atrocious article about you..“

He trudged closer to Will and breached their distance now, to understand Will and avoid shouting. A thousand hummingbirds fluttered their wings in Will’s stomach right now and the sweet, luring scent of Dr. Lecter’s exotic cologne, the one he loved and made him feel dizzy.

In the background, some meters away from them, Beverly exchanged knowing looks with Alana and Margot, Brian and Jimmy, as they talked while watching how they got along. They sneaked away and walked down the pavement to search a better spot to watch the ongoing parade and eventually join the fun at the end of the parade.

“He’s behind bars now, I presume?”

“Yeah, we caught him,” Will said, leaning closer, too. He hid his sweaty hands behind his back. His face reddened, partly because of the heat but also because of embarrassment and the sudden nearness of their bodies. The smell of Dr. Lecter drove him insane. Will pressed his legs together to disguise his erection.

“Fascinating case,” Hannibal replied softly and looked at him sideways. An admiring glance lay in his eyes. “Mushrooms mirror the structure of a human brain.”

“Hm, I am glad it’s over,” Will answered grumpily and took off his glasses to rub his eyes. “But he nearly buried Abigail thanks to Freddie Lounds. I discovered him in the hospital and shot him in the arm.”

“What did the killer want with Abigail?” Dr. Lecter asked, frowning slightly in concern.

“He said he wanted to give me a way to reach out to Abigail and to make me understand.”

Dr. Lecter hummed. “He wanted to establish a connection. Connect with your mind.”

Will forgot about the rest of the group while being immersed in his conversation with Dr. Lecter. After a while, he looked to the right and left, but he couldn’t discover them anywhere near them. They must have changed their location while they were talking.

“It seems we lost them,” Will told him...

Dr. Lecter's lips curled into a slight smirk, but he didn't seem to regret their absence. His sunglasses hid his pleasure but not his voice, which was a soft purr.

"So it seems."

"You don't seem to be very sorry about that," Will remarked drily, narrowing his eyes a little.

"Well, I do enjoy your company and your conversations a lot," the psychiatrist admitted.

Will's phone buzzed. He took it out of his pocket, flinging an apologetic look at his conversation partner.

"Sorry," Will apologized to him, then read the message from Beverly on the screen.

Beverly (14:50)

"*Hey. Have fun. We just thought you might enjoy your time with your date alone. See you after the Pride Parade. Tell me how it went."*

Will rolled his eyes and scoffed, then put his phone away.

"Beverly told me I should enjoy my time with my date. I don't know what they were thinking."

He let out a nervous laugh and blushed even further if this was possible in the sun.

"It's a shame you think that way, Will," Dr. Lecter said softly.

Will openly gaped at him with a bewildered look on his face, and he ignored the dancers on the street who performed a ballroom dance to Madonna's vogue and made some pretty cool dance moves.

"Do you...uhm..actually have any romantic feelings for me?" Will's voice trembled as he asked him that. He felt awkward, but he couldn't take the words back.

Dr. Lecter didn't answer. Sighing, he took off his sunglasses. He took them off, put them into his hair, and cupped Will's face into his hands, and kissed him. Will was amazed when Dr. Lecter reached out, grabbed his face, and planted a slow, chaste kiss on his lips, but he let it happen. All the noisy cheering, the loud electronic music by Lady Gaga blasting off the speakers of the vehicles was muffled in Will's ears at this very moment. Just when Will began to respond and deepened the kiss, craving for more, cradling the back of his head and rubbing his body against his, Dr. Lecter retreated and just rested his forehead against Will's.

"I hope this answers your question, Will," he said with a smirk. He inhaled the scent of Will and savored it. There were sweat and the distinctive smell of dogs but also the musky, natural, and unique scent of Will. Will just stood there, unable to grasp what had just transpired between them. That was not supposed to be like that. He would risk his job and reputation.

But Will wanted more. More touches and kisses. He hadn’t been touched and kissed like that in years.

“Oh, come on, you fuckin’ tease,” he grumbled and pulled Dr.Lecter into another fierce, wild kiss, pressing him against the door of the building, forgetting the trouble around them. He groped his ass cheeks while doing so.

“Will..not here”, Dr. Lecter panted. His cheeks flushed in a delicate shade of pink and an erection pressed against the front of his tight leather pants, too. People looked at them with amusement and teenagers, witnessing the scene, giggled. No one made a complaint, though.

Allowing them to catch a breath, Will smirked at him, while trapping him against the wall.

”But you do want more, Doctor", he breathed. "Let's find a more secret place.

He grinned at his lover. "What do you think?"

Enthralled by Will’s soft seductive purr and his passion, Dr. Lecter looked at him with a gentle soft expression on his face. He bobbed his head curtly to signal his agreement and so they delved into the crowd and left the spot in front of the building. They were holding hands and searching for a narrow alley where they would be undisturbed from curious eyes and unwanted company extinguishing the flame of passion between them.

Chapter End Notes

Some public frottage and oral sex in the next chapter when my horniness is back (yep, it has gone missing).

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> As promised, here is the last chapter. It took me a little while to get the smut written. Brain fog and depression sucks, I can tell you. This is also not beta read or overly edited. Be prepared for some grammar and spelling mistakes and wordy writing. I wanted to get the chapter out and bring you readers some peace :)
>
> Warning for the last part of the story: A little anxiety /panic attack.
>
> The ending is bananas and a little random, but I'll rewrite it one day when I have better ideas for the revelation.
>
> Hope you enjoy it nonetheless.
>
> Thank you all for reading 💕 😊

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Somewhere in a narrow, crooked, shadowy alley between the red brick-walled buildings, sheltered from curious eyes of the noisy, celebrating bulk of people and the merciless, sweltering heat of the summer sun, Dr. Lecter and Will relented to their urges that bubbled up to the surface. Urges that had been cultivated for too long and now needed to get out. Will swiftly relieved Dr. Lecter of his leather jacket which dropped to the floor with a soft whoosh.

Altogether it wasn't a very inviting environment to consummate their love. Crushed red and black coke cans, crisp packagings, and other tins lay scattered on the dirty ground and from another dark corner, the pungent smell of trash, having been exposed to the heat for too long wafted over to them. Yet the fire of passion had no mind for the right choice of time and location, though. They wanted it so much. Especially Will couldn't wait to get it on already. He trapped his lover to the wall with his arms.

Will's curls clung to his head from the humidity of the air; his flannel short-sleeve shirt was drenched with sweat. He gasped as their clothed cocks rubbed against each other and created wonderful friction. But he wanted more, he needed a lot more than what was given to him.

Their kisses transformed into something wilder now that they were out of sight from everyone. They sucked and nibbled at their lips and shoved their tongues into each other's mouths as if they would never get enough and it would be the first and last time they tasted each other. Lewd melodic moans rolled from Will's lips in between the short breaks between the breathless kisses before resuming his action and nearly choked the air out of his lover. He grew hungrier and greedier with every second passing by.

Will let out a little surprised squeal as his lover freed himself from the entrapment of his arms and flipped the position. It was Dr. Lecter now who pushed Will against the cool, red brick wall behind them. As much as he adored Will, he couldn't hand him complete reign over his body just yet. This time he had gained the upper hand and didn't intend to lose control again.

Dr. Lecter's maroon eyes exuded raw hunger and sheer lust. His breathing grew heavier in his arousal. Lecter's hands squeezed and pinched Will's butt. They were groping the ass cheeks tenderly just like Will's doing that to his. His black fishnet top was thoroughly coated with sweat. His leather pants also clung uncomfortably tight to him and were moist, too.

Will had never been with a man before but it all came to him so naturally, he didn't give it another thought and acted on instinct. He shut out the environment behind him. All the noise, the dirt, and stench around him didn't matter. He wanted to be in the present and not absorb his surroundings just like he always did. Will led Dr. Lecter's hands to the dent of his jeans and pressed it to his bulging cock.

A pleading, wanton expression lay in his hazy, blue eyes. "Please touch me", he purred into his ear and sucked at his earlobe to manipulate him into that. Dr. Lecter pulled his lips up into a taunting smirk. He drew out the opening of his jeans, his hands moving very slowly. He locked his gaze with Will's.

Hearing voices coming closer, Dr. Lecter stiffened and tilted his head over his shoulder. He stopped his teasing for some moments. A young couple stepped into the alleyway, obviously looking for another place to make love, as well. They were holding hands and occasionally exchanging kisses or playing silly with each other and giving each other a little shove. The left guy had striking purple hair which was pinned up to a ponytail.

The hair at the left side of his head had been shaved off. He wore stylish Ray-Ban sunglasses. Various colorful tattoos graced the muscular upper arms and legs. His lover had short curly brown hair and wore a black baseball cap. The aviator sunglass has been tucked to the front of the baseball cap. They interrupted their teasing and stupid jokes when they noticed Will and Hannibal standing there.

"Oh, bummer", the guy with the purple hair said to his boyfriend and laughed again. "This one's already occupied. His boyfriend fetched a small box with condoms and a bottle out of his pocket. They had gotten them from the Baltimore AIDS Prevention and Support team and could spare one small box and bottle.

The young men approached Dr. Lecter and Will with a knowing impish grin on their faces and placed it on the ground a few meters away to be respectful to them.

"Just be safe, guys, okay?", the young man with the curly black hair remarked and winked at them, before wrapping an arm around his lover's hips, turning around and taking the same way back.

At the end of the narrow street, before stepping out into the flamboyant, cheerful bulk of people again, they turned around once more. "And stay fuckin' hydrated!" The purple-haired

man called to them. They giggled in amusement, then dived into the crowds of people to disappear from view.

They watched until both got lost from view and they were alone again, ensuring they were definitely intimate with some checking glances. Dr. Lecter meanwhile gazed at the red packaging of the condoms and the pink plastic bottle of lube, contemplating whether he should toss it away and drag Will to his home instead where he had proper supplies.

"That was a generous offer", Will said, an amused smirk tugging at his lips.He pulled his lover back to him and pressed his lips on Dr. Lecter's lush lips.

"It was a considerate gesture of them, indeed", Hannibal replied to that but didn't sound very amused at being found in that alley and someone taking a closer look at their lovemaking. "But I found the intrusion to be a bit impolite. I don't want anyone else to look at you come undone under my very hands."

Will pulled back, looked at him, and snorted loudly."This is the risk you have to take when you're making out in public."

Dr. Lecter gave him another tender kiss and nuzzled Will's stumbled cheeks with his nose.

"Yes, that's why it would be smarter to move it to safer and more private quarters-", he muttered against Will's lips.

"Aw, come on", Will answered, pouting and frowning. "You can't just stop the fun right now. That would be highly anticlimactic."

"You like being watched, don't you?"

Will bestowed him with a lewd smile.

"Filthy boy", Dr. Lecter teased him and tilted his chin up with his free hand.

Dr. Lecter hesitated a second and looked at the condoms and the lube he was still holding in his right hand.

"Should we use a condom?" Dr. Lecter asked. “It would set a better example and to be recommended but if you want to do it without, I'm clean. I get tested every year for insurance reasons.

"What about you?"

"Nah. I want to feel you. Didn't have many lovers in the past", Will answered, his breathing still going fast from his arousal.When he answered, he didn't blink once. "And my last test was negative, too.”

"Now get it the fuck on."

Unable to wait any longer. Will ruffled through his lover's ash-blonde- greyish hair and tousled the damp hair of his not so official psychiatrist even more. His other hand slipped

under the moist, black fishnet shirt. Will's eager fingers ripped the seam a little, creating a little run in the fishnet. With greedy, trembling hands, he explored the well-shaped pectorals and squeezed his nipples, which made his lover growl. When he wanted to open up the button of his leather pants, Dr. Lecter stopped him.

"Mind your language, my boy", he whispered. "All good to those who wait."

Shrugging and rolling his eyes at the continued teasing, Will withdrew his hands and sucked the beads of sweat off his fingers instead.

"Hmm", he moaned and looked at his psychiatrist in a lecherous way, sucking his own fingers, as if he would suck a cock a few times while he did that. He batted his eyelashes in a flirtatious way.

The maroon eyes of Dr. Lecter glinted again as he witnessed the lewd finger sucking off the salty sweat beads that have clung to his chest and the coquettish fluttering of his eyelashes. He withdrew his digits from his mouth with an obscenely popping noise. "You taste delicious."

"I didn't know you were such a debauched boy", Dr. Lecter commented on his behavior, pulling his lips into an amused smile.

"Oh, silent waters run deep, indeed."

His hands slipped beneath the waistband of Will's jeans and boxers cupped his hard erect cock in his hands and brushed his fingers over the leaking head. From the touches alone he knew Will was well endorsed. Dr. Lecter revelled in the expression of ecstasy on Will's face; the retreat of his eyes into his skull as he touched his sensitive spot and kept on stimulating the glans with tender strokes.

Hisses and moans left Will as his lover kept on teasing him instead of giving him what he really wanted. Being fucked senselessly right now, right where they were. He got hold of the wrist of Hannibal in his impatience, wanting his fingers inside him so badly.

A cruel smile tugged on the lips of Dr. Lecter and he withdrew his hand from his grip. Instead, he placed his hand on his cheeks again and stroked them with his thumb, dragging the fingers then down to his beautiful pink lips again, waiting for him to suck them off. Will sensed that Dr. Lecter wouldn't continue if he didn't obey his instructions. Obediently he opened his mouth and welcomed them in but he narrowed his eyes in displeasure.

"Hmmm", Dr. Lecter hummed, ignoring the rather annoyed, piercing stare Will currently gave him. "What a good boy. Keep on sucking and I will continue to spoil you."

Will narrowed his eyes but he kept on licking, sucking and nibbling playfully at his fingers, just as his lover wanted him to. It was a lovely sight with his head bobbing back and forth. And Dr. Lecter was satisfied with the wanton sucking.

He was already looking forward to seeing that lovely mouth of Will wrapped around his cock and sucking him off on his knees. Dr. Lecter always kept his promises. After a while he

pulled his hand back and freed Will's cock from the restraint of his pants. He pulled them down to his knees. Will's cock bobbed up and down for a tiny moment as it sprung free.

After touching it through the fabrics without having the chance to have a proper look at it, Dr. Lecter had the chance to do so. With interest, he scrutinized Will's cock. The proportions of his penis and the balls were perfect - almost that of a few marble statues by Renaissance artists. His cock was larger and thicker than average.

In contrast to his own cock, Will's was straight and didn't curve up and down. It would be suitable for every sex position, which he found formidable. He noticed that his cock was circumcised as he had guessed from the touching. He knew that the majority of Americans were circumcised. Well, many men chose to do so. For him, it was never a question. He trailed a thumb over the leaking forehead, which elicited a gasp from Will, then he led his finger further down the shaft.

Will hadn't shaved. There was some curly, dark brown hair around the base of his penis and his huge balls. He found it utterly fascinating that Will's hair was even curly down there. He buried his nose into the curly pubic hair around the base of his cock for some moments.

Will enjoyed the light cool breeze on his genitalia and legs and the touches and nuzzling of Dr. Lester. He sighed in satisfaction as his butt touched the cold wall behind him. Dr. Lecter also unbuttoned the sleeves of his shirt to get access to Will's splendid upper body. He touched every inch of it with his hands and murmured some foreign words to himself as his hands touched Will's wonderful wiry body and pectorals before his hands wandered down to his bulging cock again.

When Will began to protest and frowned down at him, Dr. Lecter lubed up his fingers, using the cheap lube they had been handed and slid his hands around his cock and moved his hands up and down. He wanted to watch Will squirm and see the look on his face when he brought him to climax.

Will's mouth hung wide open; the pupils were expanded from arousal. The breathing came out ragged and labored as one of Lecter's fingers traced along his rim before pushing in and stretching him.

"Ngggh", Will moaned.

He was so close, so fucking close, as his lover tortured him with expert and dexterous thrusts of his finger. Then soon a second and third finger joined the first one.

"I'm close...Hannibal", he whimpered.

And indeed his abdominal muscles already clenched together to prepare for the orgasm rising up within him. Dr. Lecter finally got down on his knees and wrapped his mouth around his cock.

Will gripped the bricks of the wall behind him harshly and he bucked his hips a little and thrust harder into Dr. Lecter's mouth. The latter didn't gag, even though Will fucked his mouth harshly and got deeper into him. He didn't gag around Will's cock even once. Letting

go of the brick wall behind him, Will then buried a hand into the tousled hair of his lover and ruffled through it. The surroundings blurred and spots danced in front of his eyes.

"Fuck...Hannibal...fuck ", he whined.

Dr. Lecter smirked up at him. He sucked faster now and his fingers hit against his prostate with harsh thrusts. On and on until Will came in his mouth, trembling heavily. Will made the lewdest noises and didn't even make any more efforts to disguise the loud, melodic sexual moans that left his mouth as he climaxed. He savored every single drop of Will's cum and then buried his nose into Will's pubic hair once the latter stopped jerking.

Will let out a little laugh as he watched him licking up everything with his tongue as if it was a particularly expensive juice.

"You have a little oral fixation there."

He offered him his hand to get up. Dr. Lecter took it. Will reached for the zipper of his pants but Hannibal grabbed his hands and stopped him.

"Will", Dr. Lecter said in a hoarse voice, rough from the deep throating. "You don't have to do this."

"But I want to", Will purred and worked at the black button at the front of his leather pants.

"I want to taste you, too, Doctor."

Who was he to deny Will when he offered it to him so willingly?

Dr. Lecter let himself be shoved against the wall again and helped Will to yank down the leather pants as well as his golden silken briefs that also had some sweaty spots at the front where his cock pressed against it. It was an impressive bulge that formed there.

"Interesting choice of underwear", Will commented, eying the decadent underwear with an amused smile. "You're such a pompous ass, I can't believe it.."

Dr. Lecter's lip curled into an arrogant smirk. "I dare say they are more appealing than your choice of boxers."

Will snorted and raised his eyebrows. "You do have some narcissistic traits, Doctor, but as a psychiatrist, you have surely identified these issues already. "

There was no answer to that, Dr. Lecter remained calm and put up a rather stoic expression on his face again. Instead, he chose to deflect the attack on his personality.

"I thought you wanted to taste me, Will", he said in a cool tone.

"Suck my cock, boy." It sounded like an order from a dom.

Will narrowed his eyes a little as he was called " boy " by Dr. Lecter and bossed around, but complied instantly. He hunkered down to his knees and started to explore Dr. Lecter's cock

and balls with some clumsy, insecure touches and squeezes.

In contrast to his own, Dr. Lecter's cock was not circumcised, Will noticed. He slid his fingers along the shaft and pulled up the foreskin with his hands, trying to figure out how it all worked. Veins stood out on the shaft. His lover moaned at the gentle stimulation and Dr. Lecter gripped the wall for support.

"You tell me if I do something wrong", Will murmured, looking up and biting his lip."I've never done this before."

"That's why I suggested moving to-"

"No, I want to do it here", Will hissed.

Dr. Lecter rested his head against the wall behind him and watched Will working at his dick. He inhaled and exhaled sharply at the blissful stimulation rushing through his body.

Feeling his eyes on him, Will stopped in what he was doing and looked up with puppy eyes, his mouth still wrapped around Dr. Lecter's big cock.

"You're doing very well", Dr. Lecter breathed and petted his frizzy curls sticking to his head.

Encouraged by this, Will proceeded. He gripped his lover's hips for more stability, moved his head back and forth, and took the fleshy shaft further and further into his mouth until he gagged and pulled his mouth off his cock for a moment.

Noticing that, Dr. Lecter cupped Will's cheek into his hands and stroked his stubbles tenderly. He wiped away the drool from the corners of his mouth.

"Careful", he purred. Dr. Lecter bowed down and planted a kiss on Will's forehead. "Take it easy the first time. Try to use your tongue and your fingers just like I did."

Will nodded. He grabbed the bottle of lube from the ground, lubed his fingers up, too, and resumed his activities. This time he didn't take the cock fully into his mouth and used his fingers just as Dr. Lecter had told him. He stretched the skin around the entrance with his fingers and, very carefully, he pushed his finger into his tight and hot entrance.Dr. Lecter hissed again, making Will stop once more, but he implored Will to continue.

"Go on, beloved."

Smiling, Will pushed further and further and began to move his fingers in a gentle manner. The muscles clenched around Will's fingers as he pushed them in and pulled them out at a moderate pace. First slowly, then faster. Simultaneously he strengthened his efforts with his mouth.

He flung checking glances at his lover and reacted when Dr. Lecter desired more of his tongue, more of his sucking or when he neglected the stimulation of his prostate with his fingers.

Will's jaw ached; a sharp pain soared through his knees from kneeling on the hard, stony ground. Dizziness clouded his vision but he kept on going and gave everything. He sucked faster and harder and, despite the initial warnings, took his cock deeper into his mouth and made his mouth tighter.

Raspy groans escaped Dr. Lecter's mouth. Soon, very soon, dazzling spots appeared in front of his eyes. Euphoria and joy flowed through him- the very same that rushed through his body when he killed people and made an artistic tableau of them. The power over life and death had always been akin to sex. Murder created death. whereas sex created life and he loved the stark contrasts. There was passion in both things and passion always got the blood pumping.

Feeling the pressure building up within him, Dr. Lecter fucked his mouth harder and faster now. He grabbed his head and used Will's mouth. Will's eyes filled with tears but he kept going. He wanted to give his lover everything.

"Tau gerai sekasi...mylimasis", Hannibal murmured in Lithuanian.

"Labai..gerai..ahhh. "

Unable to hold it back any longer, he spilled his seed into Will's mouth. Shivers seized his body and he messed up Will's curls even further.

Will gave his best to swallow the whole load but he coughed and semen ran down the corners of his mouth.

After a few more thrusts, Dr. Lecter pulled his dick out of Will's mouth and he wiped the corners of Will's mouth clean. His chest heaved and fell quickly. He felt fabulous. The intoxicating hormones were at his height.

"Darling..you were fabulous", he breathed.

Will acknowledged this with a weak nod. He dropped his arms and sat down on the ground, defeated by the act and the heat, and sat down for a moment, even though the ground was dirty, exhaling sharply. After a short break, he put on his flannel shirt, his boxers and jeans again. He wrestled a bit as it was always harder to slip into your clothes when you're sweaty.

"I think we should get to my home and get some rest ", he said to Will in a gentle tone. He leaned back against the wall to catch some breaths.

"Yes...I'm thirsty as hell", Will groaned and stood up, slightly swaying on his legs like a little doe.

Feeling the dehydration from this straining, physical activity in the heat, Will gripped the wall for support. Having a medical background, Dr. Lecter recognized the plight Will was in and helped him stand, although he felt quite hazy himself.

Dr. Lecter fetched his leather jacket, found a handkerchief, and wiped his cock clean before pulling up his boxers and pants. He had a difficult time getting his tight black leather pants up

and Will helped him when he was able to stand on his own again.

Even though Dr. Lecter wasn't a fan of quick cheap public sex in general, the short intermezzo with Will had been good.

They were about to leave the narrow alleyway and head towards the main road when Will's phone vibrated. He pulled it from the front pocket of his jeans and halted abruptly.

The message popped up on the screen. It was a message by Beverly

Margot (15:00)

Everything going alright? I hope you're having fun on your date, hehe 😉. Please let us know if you both join us in that new fancy steakhouse in Baltimore later at 6 PM 🥩 🍴 😋

Beverly (15:23)

👨🍆💋💦👍🏻😉?

Are you two lovebirds alright?
Zeller, Price and me have grabbed some beers in the shade. Text me if you want to join us.

Will rolled his eyes at the audacity of Beverly's message, then smiled when he read the other message which Margot had sent him. With an amused grin, he showed the emojis in Bev's message to Hannibal who frowned. It was clear the psychiatrist had no clue at all what the emojis meant.

"I don't quite understand the symbols", he admitted and looked at Will with bemusement on his face. "Is that supposed to be a sexual innuendo?" He asked, his lips curling up into a faint smile.

His incredulous look and question earned him some raised eyebrows and a derisive snort by Will.

"Of course, it is. Don't you want to say that you're not familiar with emojis?"

Dr. Lecter was grateful for the little physical exercise and the heat as his cheeks already had taken a nice shade of red. He bit on his lips and looked away, unable to admit this to Will directly.

"No", he said coolly, placing his hands on his hips. He couldn't wait to leave this stinky alleyway and rest his feet and change into cleaner clothes. And his throat was parched. He needed some water urgently.

"But I will get behind the symbolism. "

Will gave him a mischievous and slightly arrogant smile. "You'd better do, Doctor, if you want to avoid disasters in sexting."

"Are we still not on a first-name basis?" Dr. Lecter asked, sounding a little disappointed and scared.

"No, Hannibal", Will purred. "I merely like to call you, Doctor ." He wrapped his arms around his waist, drew him near, and kissed him. "Honestly, I was more worried about you losing your licence."

Dr. Lecter let out a pleased hum as Will kissed him and eased his worries and then released him again.

"Don't worry about that. I have a reputation good enough to brush that matter aside", he assured him. "The board won't revoke my license so easily."

"Hmm, ok." Will stared at his phone again, distracted.

"If you are so skilled with your smartphone as you say, you can walk and text Miss Katz while we head back to the office", Hannibal said, annoyed by his ignorance. He took some decisive steps forward. "We both need nourishment and something to drink or we will both collapse."

"Just a minute ", Will said, rolling his eyes at the attitude of his lover and quickly worked at the screen of his phone to send both Beverly and Margot a message.

Will (to Beverly) (15:23)

👨🍆👅👍🏻😍

We're ok.

Will closed the chat window, then looked at the message of Margot in the messenger to give her a decisive answer.

"Margot and Alana invited us to a new steakhouse in town later. Are we going?" Will asked.

Hannibal's nostrils flared. "I usually avoid these restaurants. The meat they serve there is of inferior quality."

Will shook his head and laughed."I knew you would say that."

"Actually, I don't feel like it either", Will admitted. "I want to spend time with you."

"Then it is decided", Hannibal answered and smiled at him.

"Now, come. Or do you want to stay overnight in this dirty alleyway?"

Will hit the send button.

Will(to Margot)(15:27)

Everything's alright. Enjoy the steak house. Hannibal and me prefer to eat at home 😉.

He tucked his phone again and followed Hannibal. Stepping back into the broad daylight and onto the main road where people were still dancing, celebrating and marching, the sun burned down. On the way back they bought themselves two bottles of water from someone walking around with some cold beverages. When they forced themselves through the crowd again, a man with frizzy blonde hair, looking quite familiar to Mason Verger passed them by. Will stared and stared. His hands curled into fists.

When the man tilted his head to him and locked his gaze with him, he gave him a confused smile, shook his head and continued his walk.

For whatever reason, a panic attack announced itself. Everything Will right saw in front of him now was Mason's crooked grin before he tumbled down into the pit. Will saw his bloody half-eaten body again.The flesh had been gnawed off and his bones became visible. The dead ghost Mason let out a manic cackle. Mason's bloodied, mutilated corpse then transformed then into the pale, dead body of Garret Jacob Hobbs whose body started bleeding again. He dragged his bloated body towards him like a zombie.

Will gasped for air and blinked a few times to shake that hallucination off. Hannibal wrapped his hand around his shoulder, trying to ground him. He led him away from the people to the front door of a shop to be shielded from view.

Hannibal gazed back at the man who soon disappeared into the bulk of people in the distance.

"Will you are having a panic attack, please calm down. Breathe. Look at me. Hold my hand. What can you see, hear and smell?"

Will nodded, tried to follow his advice and held Dr. Lecter's hand. He slowly came back to presence and his vision sharpened again. He smelled the heated asphalt in the air, the sour sweat of the people pushing past them and he felt the relentless heat of the sun and his clammy clothes.

"What did you see?" He asked softly, his eyes filled with concern and curiosity.

Will hesitated and gritted his teeth before opening his mouth.

"I...I saw Garret Jacob Hobbs and I thought I saw Mason Verger although he's dead", he blurted out.

Realising his mistake, Will's heat beat sped up. The heartbeat was loud in his ears, even though people were yelling, cheering, and the bass of the music kept on pulsating.

Hannibal scrutinized him with great interest and his maroon eyes lightened up as he wondered how Mason had found his end. He had always found him abominable. "That is interesting. What happened?"

Will gritted his teeth. Now everything was going downhill. Hannibal would certainly consider calling Jack Crawford. He wouldn't want to be together with a killer.

"I killed Mason Verger", he confessed to him.

"I'm a killer."

Surprised by this admission, Hannibal dropped his jaw. He hadn't expected the darkness hatching from the chrysalis so soon. He was also proud that Will apparently did that and helped poor Margot out.

"I am so proud of you, Will", Hannibal said. His maroon eyes sparkled with joy.

Will squinted at that remark. His eyes flickered over his lover's face while his mind put everything together until the shocking realization; that Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper manifested in his brain. Associations of earlier cases flashed up.

But of course. The moment when he stitched the organ donor together in the van. He had been a surgeon. How could he have been so blind?

"Wait what?" He whispered, furrowing his eyebrows. "You are the *Chesapeake Ripper?"*

Hannibal's face resembled that of a doll.

"Yes, I am."

Will rubbed his eyes with his hands, unable to believe his own dumb luck.It took him a few more breaths to calm down before he lifted his eyes to Hannibal again. People had no idea that two killers stood in front of this book store. They watched the parade, laughed and had the best time of their lives.

Hannibal already wondered what to do in case Will rejected him. For now it was best to head to his home. He could still kill him in the basement if that was necessary. Although he hoped he wouldn't have to. Will was precious to him. There was no one else that had caused such profound feelings in him. He held his breath. When Will still didn't say a word, he touched his shoulder.

"Will, let's head back to my home now to discuss this matter there. In private."

He wanted to move away from the front door but Will stopped him.

"Wait", Will pulled him back. He pulled him close to him and clasped his fingers with Hannibal's. The other hand touched his sweaty face.

"God, Hannibal, I'm probably reckless with my life but you're the only one who understands me and can help me."

He swallowed the lump in his throat.

"I accept you as you are and am ready to go with it if you accept that I have a different design in choosing my victims than you." He paused. "It won't be easy for me to adjust my moral compass. But killing Mason felt good and just", he breathed into his ear. "I felt powerful."

"I will help you with that , Will", Hannibal murmured and pulled him close for a hug. "I will assist you in evolving your design and will wait for you until you are ready."

Never had Hannibal been happier in his life. Will was his true equal. He couldn't wait to teach him important things and aid him in his becoming.

"I will need some time, though."

"Understandable", Hannibal whispered back. "You are a fledgling killer. This takes time."

"And promise me one thing , Doctor", Will proceeded. He suddenly remembered the breakfast he had shared in Minnesota with him. The sausages in the scrambled eggs.

"No more human meat without my conscious consent."

Hannibal pressed his lips to Will'a moist temples and then lifted their clasped hands to kiss his knuckles.

"But of course, my love."

"Now let's get out of here. I'm starving and I fear I'm going deaf anytime soon from all the noise.

Hannibal gave him a toothy, smug grin and hooked his arm with Will's.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos are flowers and comments are chocolate ❤️

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